"four days previous to his death the change was so great that I passed each moment in dread, not knowing what the next would have — He was calm and firm as he approaches to a most astonishing degree — He told me not to tremble, for he did not think that he should be convulsed — he said did you ever see any one die? "no" "well then I pity you, poor Lewis. What trouble and danger you have got into for me — now you must be firm for it will not last long. I shall soon be laid in the quiet grave — O I can feel the cold earth upon me — the daisies growing over me — O for this guilt — it will be my first" — When the morning light came and still found him alive. how bitterly he grieved — I cannot bear his cries — Each day he would look up in the Doctors face to discover how

long he should live he would say "how long will this posthumous life of mine last" that look was more than we could ever bear. The extreme brightness of his eyes with his poor pallid face were not earthly — —

These four nights I watched him, each night expecting his death — on the 5th day the Doctor prepared me for it. at 4 O'clock in the afternoon the poor fellow bade me lift him up in bed — he breathed with great difficulty and seemed to lose the power of coughing up the phlegm, an immense sweat came over him so that my breath felt cold to him. "Dont breathe on me it comes like ice" he clasped my hand very fast as I held him in my arms. The phlegm rattled in his throat. it increased but still he seemed without pain. he looked upon me with extreme sensibility but without pain at 11 he died in my arms

2.

From Mr. Severn. April 16th